

A
Collection of the Choicest
and newest
SONGS.

Sett by severall Masters with a Thorow Bass
to each Song for y^e Harpsichord
Theorbo or Bass-Violl
The Second Book



Printed for and Sold by John Crouch who is lately removed
Drury Lane to the three Lutes in Princes Street nere Covent-Garden
Licenced Nov. 26. 1687 R. M. D. G. L. E. price 1 s.



48

1. 22

72

A. 2. Voc.

A Song in two Parts



Evadne I must tell you soe, you are to cruill grown, noe smiles nor



Evadne I must tell you soe, you are to cruill grown, noe smiles nor



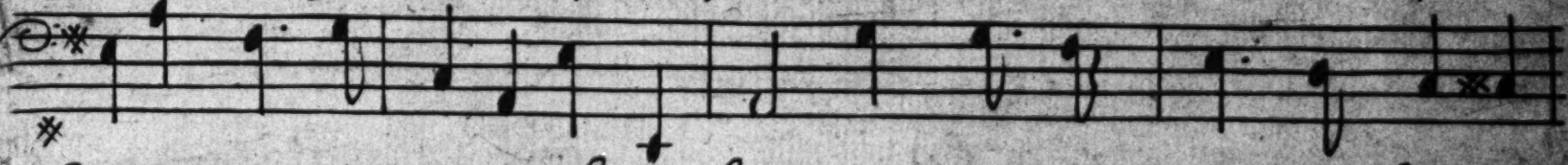
pitty you bestow, but Death in every frown, my Love tho chaste and



pitty you bestow, but Death in every frown, my Love tho chaste and



Constant to, yett no releif can find, curst bee y^e Slave that' fals to



Constant to, yett no releif can find, curst bee the Slave that' fals to



you tho you are still unkind,



you tho you are still unkind.

sett By M^r Akeroyd

Were you as Mercifull as fair,
My wishes wou'd obtaine.
But Love I must tho I dispaire,
And perish in the paine.
If man age I can prevaile
I happy then shall bee
Ney could I live I wou'd not faile

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring various note values and stems.

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Let y^e Trumpet sound & y^e Glas be Crowned whilst y^e health goes round to y^e heart that

sound & Loyall drink away Sir why dye stay Sir ney Sir pray Sir make no delay


nor think it any Sin to fill it to y^e brim & then begin to y^e King y^e Queen & all the

Royall familey, if you say tis to big your a whig & I care not a fig tho you huff & are

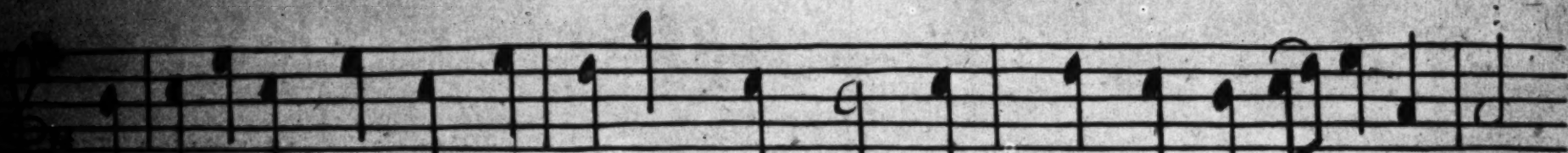
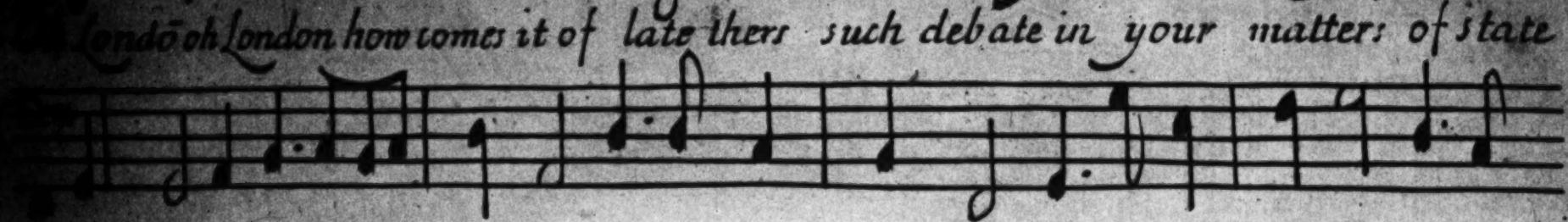
so fine Sir weel make you drink your wine but if you are a man of war & that

you dare to drink but faie why then we sweare you are a dear & welcom brother

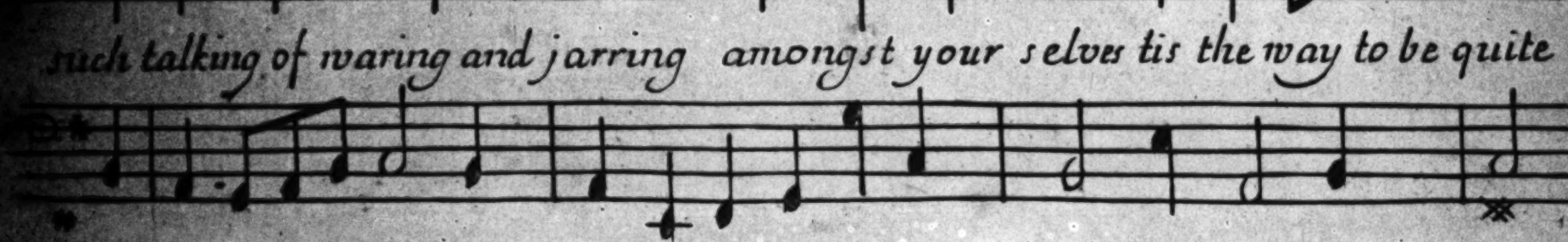
adding




London London how comes it of late there such debate in your matters of state




such talking of waring and jarring amongst your selves tis the way to be quite



London a pox on those turbulent Rogues y^t begun to raile & scribe and



put forth Lybells gainst Monark and matters beyond your view & pry into things



ye have nothing to doe tis wondrous pity so faire a City shoud ever be pestrid with such a crew

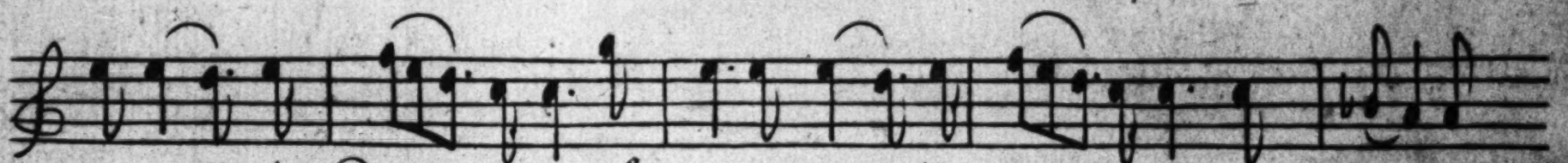
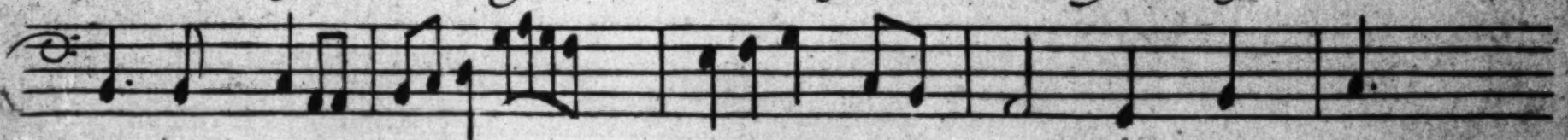




Methinks I hear y^e charming sound of Cēlias Soft Melodious voice with



crouds of Angells hovering round to catch y^e graces as they rise y^e winds



are still the Rivers stay y^e Rocks her tune full notes repeat enchanted



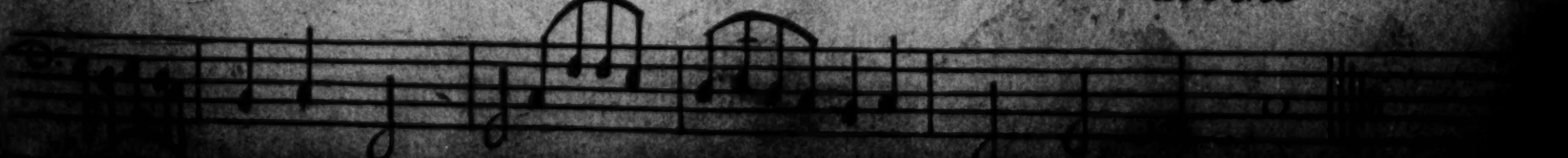
with her sweeter lay the Listening Birds her motions waile y^e Sun to her



directs his Rays wh^{ich} us'd on all a like to shine & wandering Gods with envy gaze



to see to see a Mortall so divine to see to see a Mortall so divine



Oft will she grant my greif her Ear & let my Love complaine

but tho she does y^e passion hear she pitties not the pain uncur'd her

coldness I have borne & with her anger with her anger strove

my sole hope is she cannot scorne so much so much as I can Love my

sole hope is my Sole hope is she cannot scorne so much so much as I can Love



Virginias Beauty do's excell y^e art & labour women clame & through her



Eyes her Soul does flame with Rayes y^e nere on Earth did dwell divine



Virginias in her mind so fair so constant & so good what I before nere understood



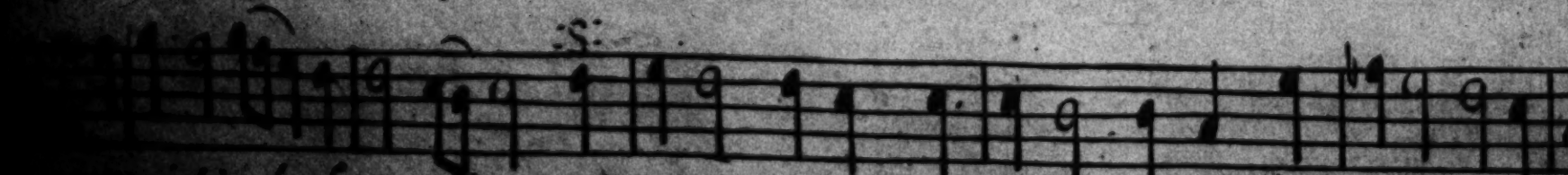
or ever coud in woman find thus Char-----mid thus Charmid all ore with



What is new I feel my willing Heart desire to add more fuell to its fire

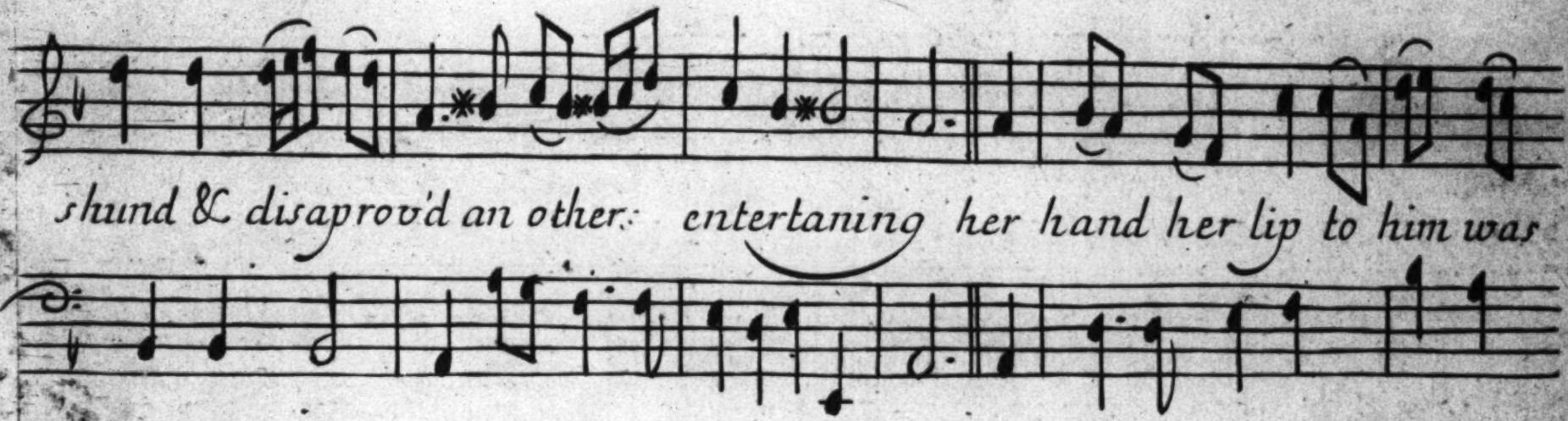


Wishing for y^e right of you still wishing wishing still wishing wishing still wishing for y^e right of you

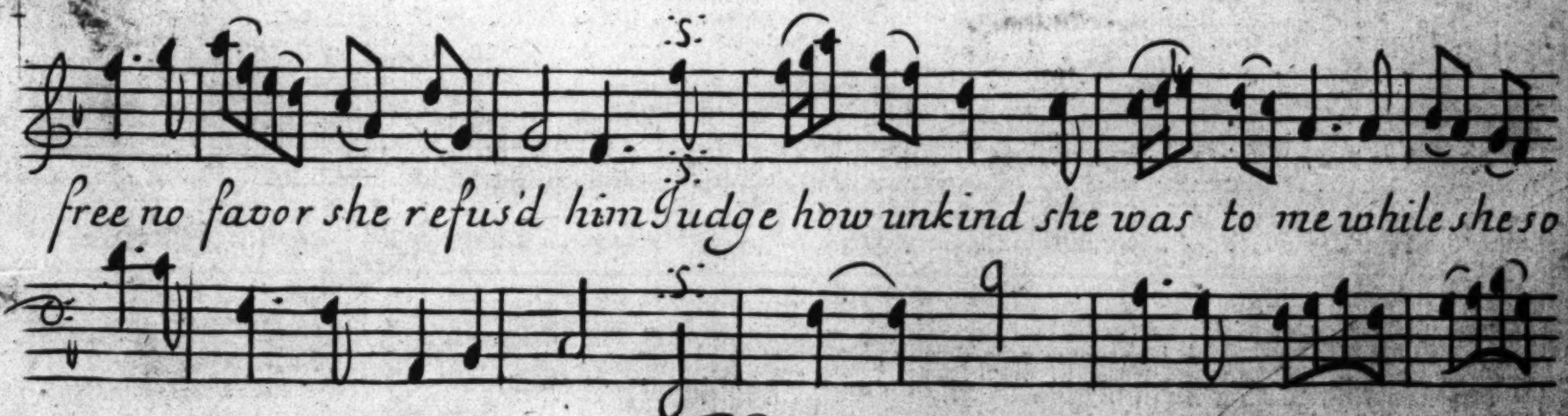




I saw y^e lass whom deare I Lov'd long sighing & complaineing while me she



shund & disaprov'd an other: entertaning her hand her lip to him was



free no favor she refus'd him Judge how unkind she was to me while she so



kindly us'd him

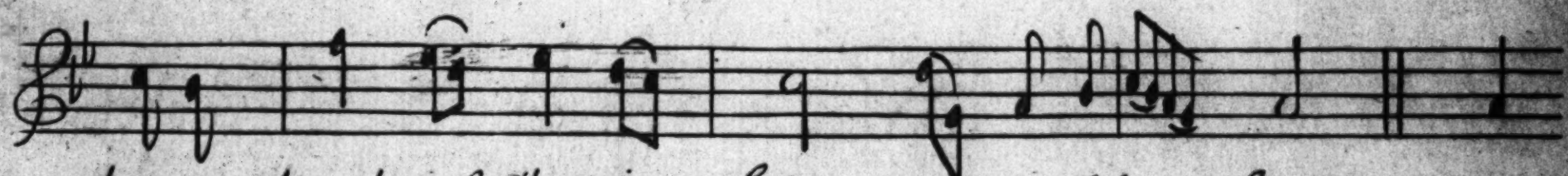
His hand her milk white Bubbys prest
A bliss worth King's desireing
Ten thousand times he kist her Brest
The Snowey Mountaine admireing
While pleas'd to be the charming faire
That to such passions mov'd him
She Clapt his Cheek & Curld his Haire
To shew she well approv'd him

The killing sighs my Soule Inflam'd
And sweld my Heart with pashion
Which like my Love could not be taim'd
Nor had Consideration
I beat my Brest & tore my haire
And my hard fate complaining
That plung'd me into deep dispaire
Because of her disdainning

Ah cruell Moggy then I cry'd
Will not my sorrow move thee
Or if my Love must be denied
Yet give me leave to Love thee
And then frown on and still be coy
Your constant swain dispising
For tis but just you should destroy
What is not worth your pri-son



Bright Celia is my only care, my utmost wishes aime all



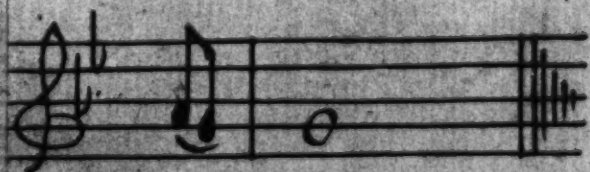
that my thoughts of Charming faire can an Idea frame yett



Shoud she ever crewell prove and kill my hopes of bliss ceasing to



hope ide cease to Love & wave the fond adress the fond y^e fond



a dresse



M Akroyde

What wretched Lover must he bee

Tide in a Servile Chains

Can Court insensibility

And spend his time in vaine

When Celia frowning gives dispaire

My Heart no more she Rules

Her proud disdain I scorn to fear

But let her be my Love or hate

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring various note values and rests.

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, with some lyrics written below the notes.

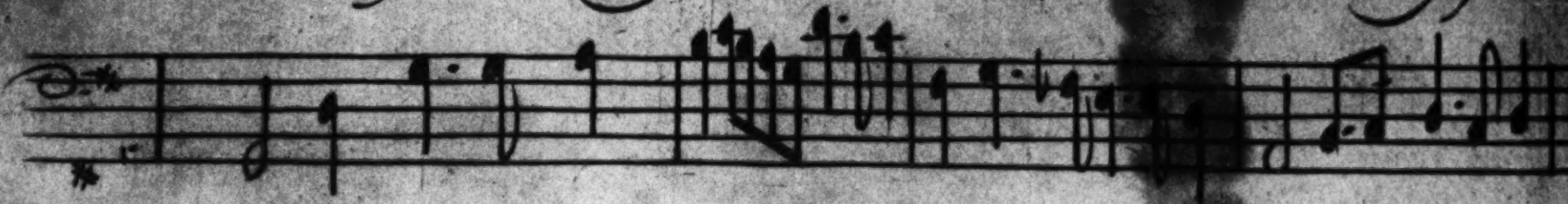
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How vaine is y^e nature grown that will not have her beauty shown



Diamonds are glorious when they^r found but lie neglected under ground



vaine is the freedom of the minde if the Body be confin'd y^e Gods were slaves

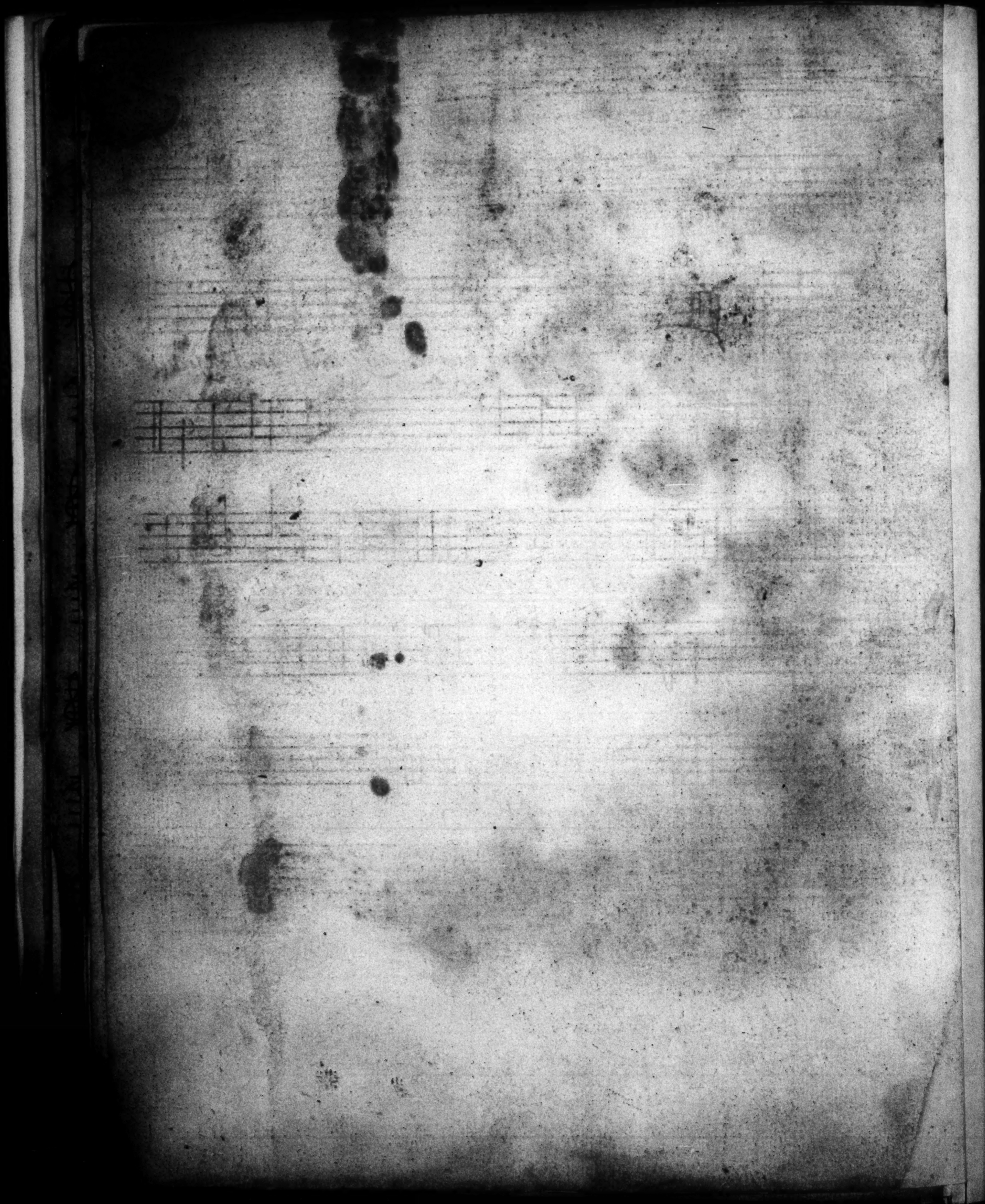


but that they be secure from loss of Liberty



That will, Rebels. that meets a stay
Tis Strange delight to disobay
Nor doe wee value being free
Till wee have lost our Liberty
Crown'd Victims not the Gods resist
But dread the fellers of the preist
Freedom in Love it self restraines

Mr George Hart





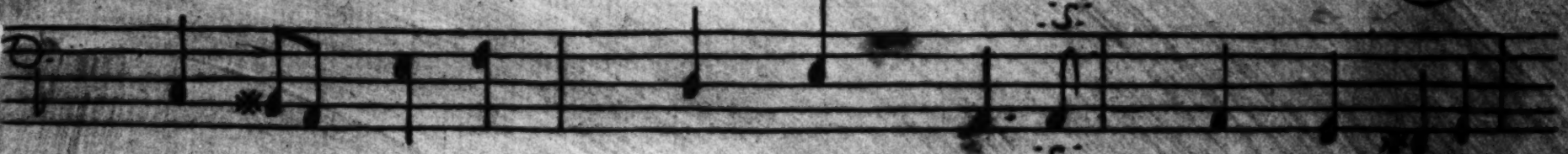
Strephon smiles and seems to love and of his



passion, I approve. Strephon is a Charmeing Swaine



Oft I unpittied doe Complaine ye Gods If I may



be believ'd I never Lov'd never Lov'd but was deceiv'd



Set by M^r Akeroyd

But Oh his witt has mov'd me more
 Then what my thoughts cou'd wish before
 His Lovely Aire and Noble mean
 Tells me of greater joyes unseen
 I find I'm lost in fond desire
 And quite undone quite undone if I Admire

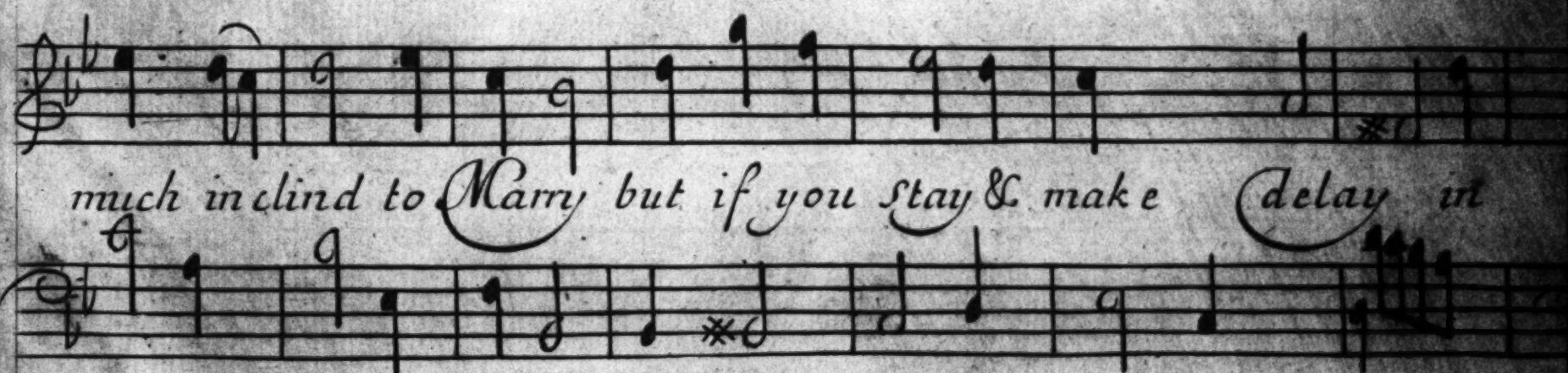
Handwritten musical score on aged, stained paper. The page contains five staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The paper shows signs of wear, including foxing, stains, and a dark, irregular mark along the left edge. The overall appearance is that of an old, possibly unpublished, manuscript.



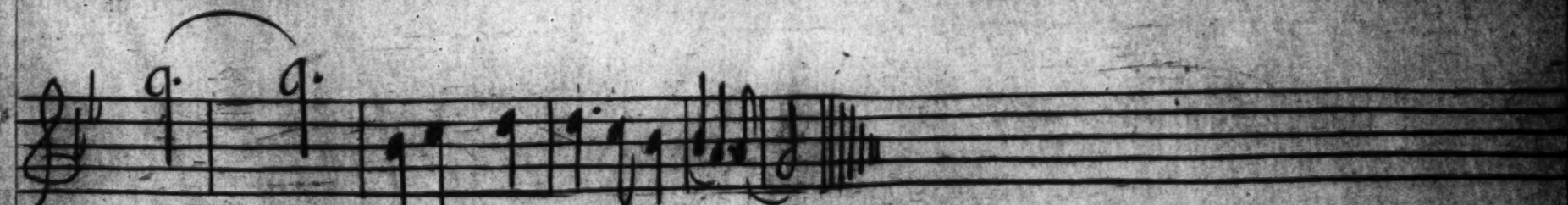
Come hither pritty Nancy, for faith I dearly Love thee, & if thou wilt be



kind oh nows the time to prove me, for I am in the humor and



much inclind to Marry but if you stay & make delay in

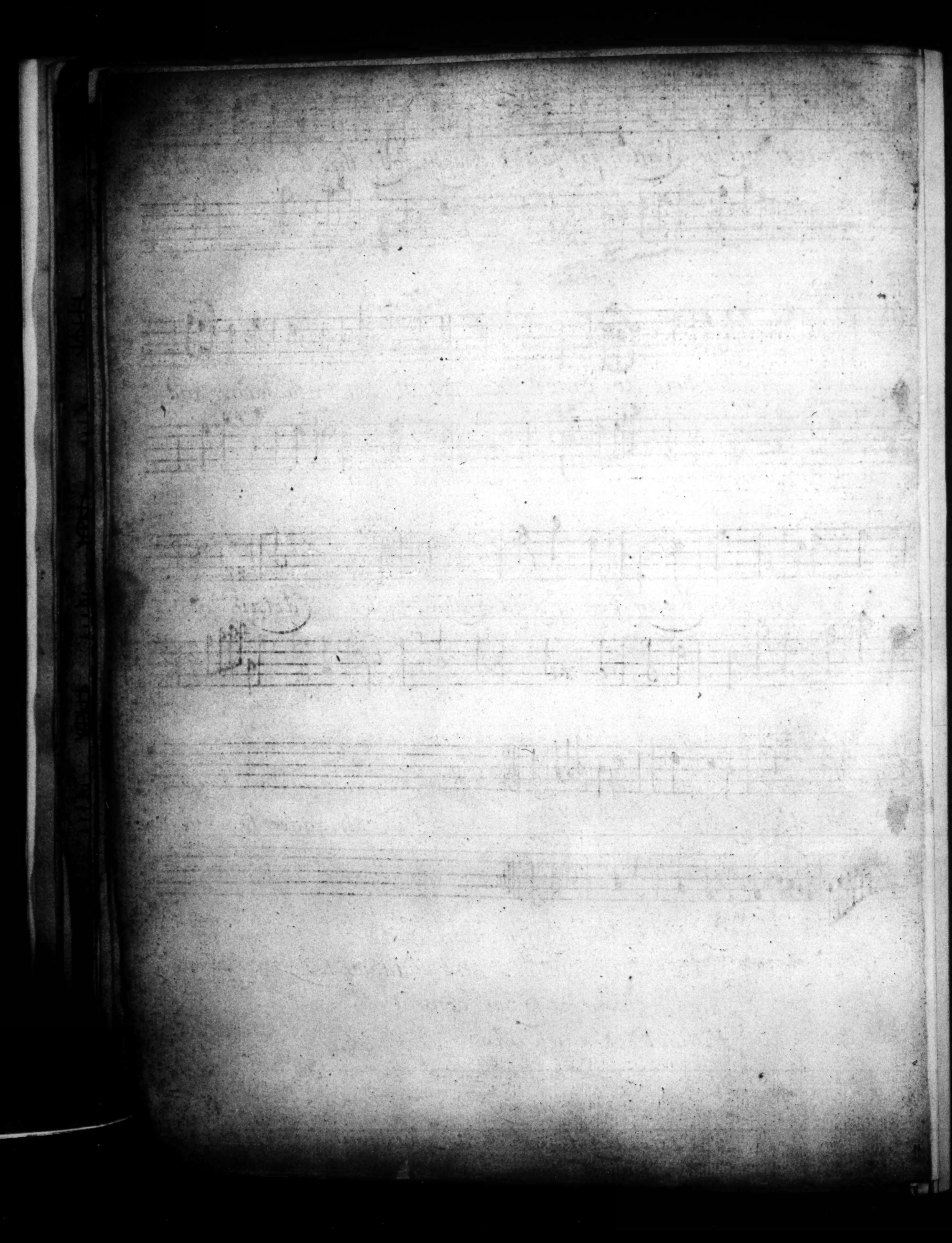


throth I will not I wil not tarry,

M^r Alixander Damasceene



Pray therefore Nancy minde mee
For there are Maides and widdows toe
That are content to give consent
Without soe much adoe
Then straight a kisse Ile give thee
In order to be merry.
But shee Cryd pish nay sye begon
I will not I will not Marry





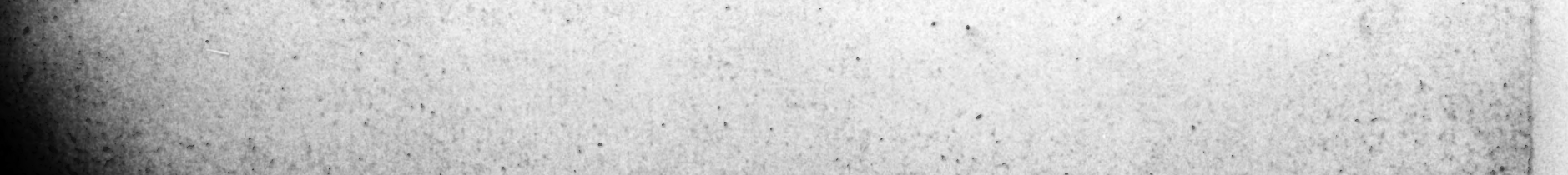
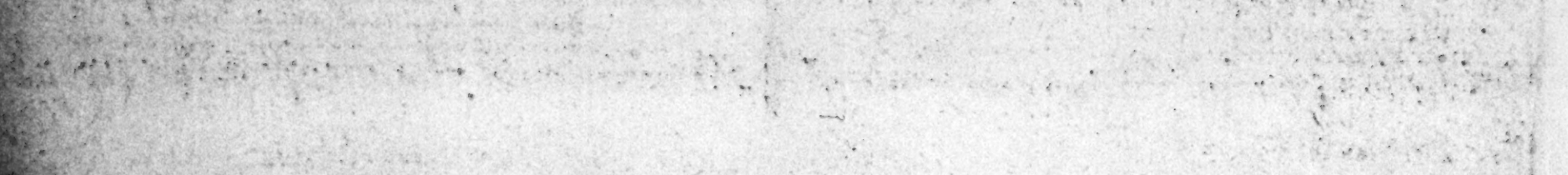
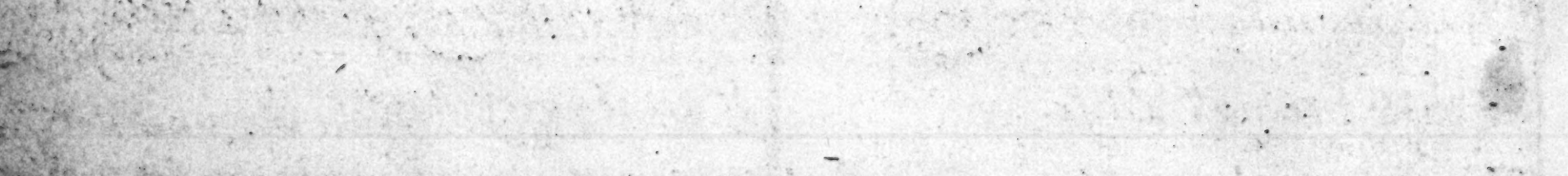
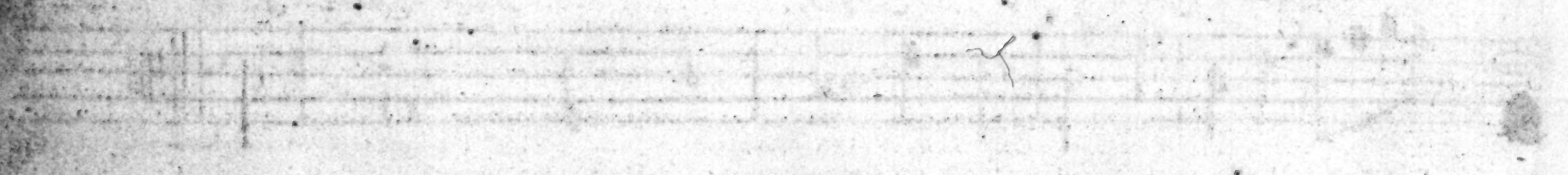
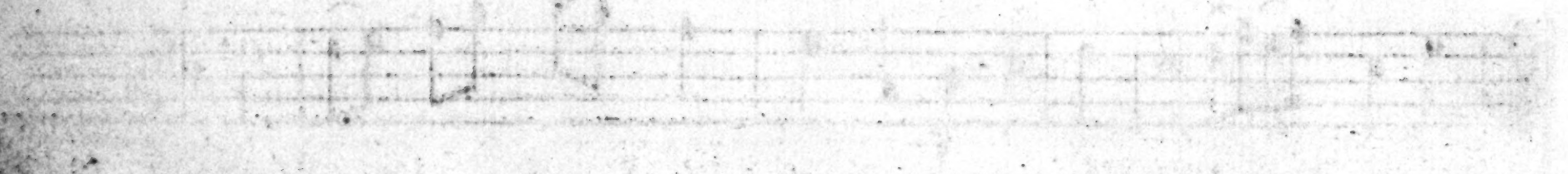
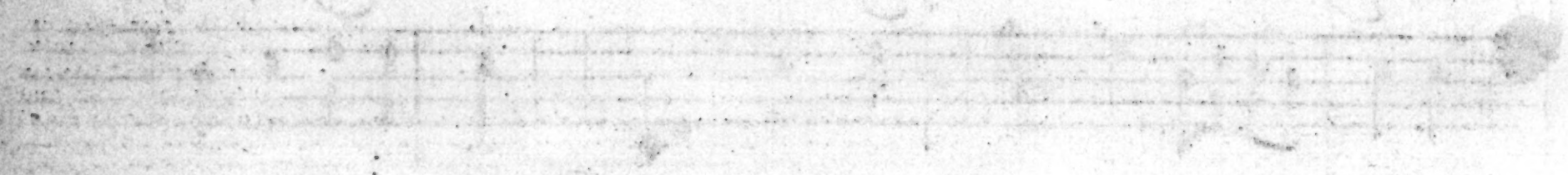
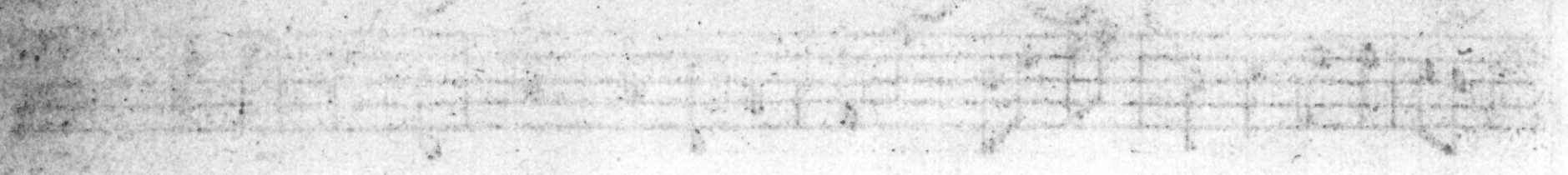
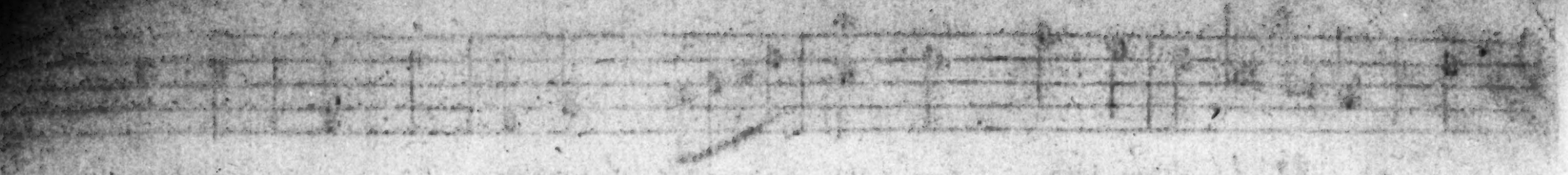
Long time I did confine my Love to peevish honors Law gainst natures
 prompting dictates strove to keep my heart in awe till weary of stiff
 honors Rigid ties I o'pt the gap that block out mighty joyes

And now I spend each happy Day
 To know what pleasure is
 I find experience shew the way
 To taste Eternall Bliss

'Tis oft enjoyment makes us more refine
 When long retention stupifies y^e mind

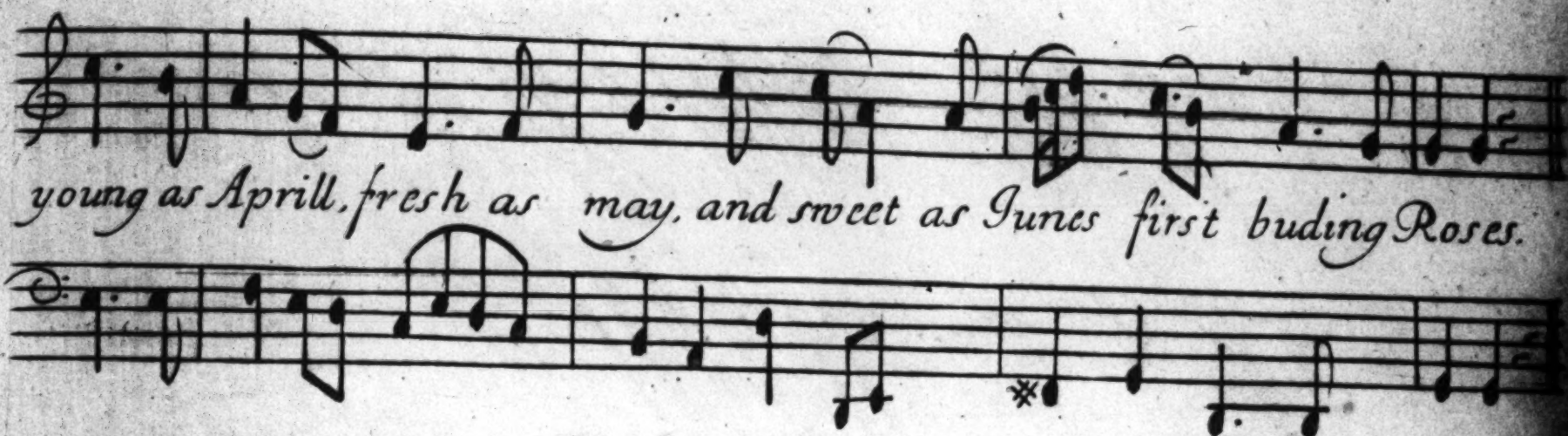
Such Sweet delight^{ts} attend on Love
 Where Honour has no power
 As doth such pretty pastimes move
 I act it every hour

Such tickling raptures charmes y^e fairest maid
 She melts with pleasure oft as shes enjoyd

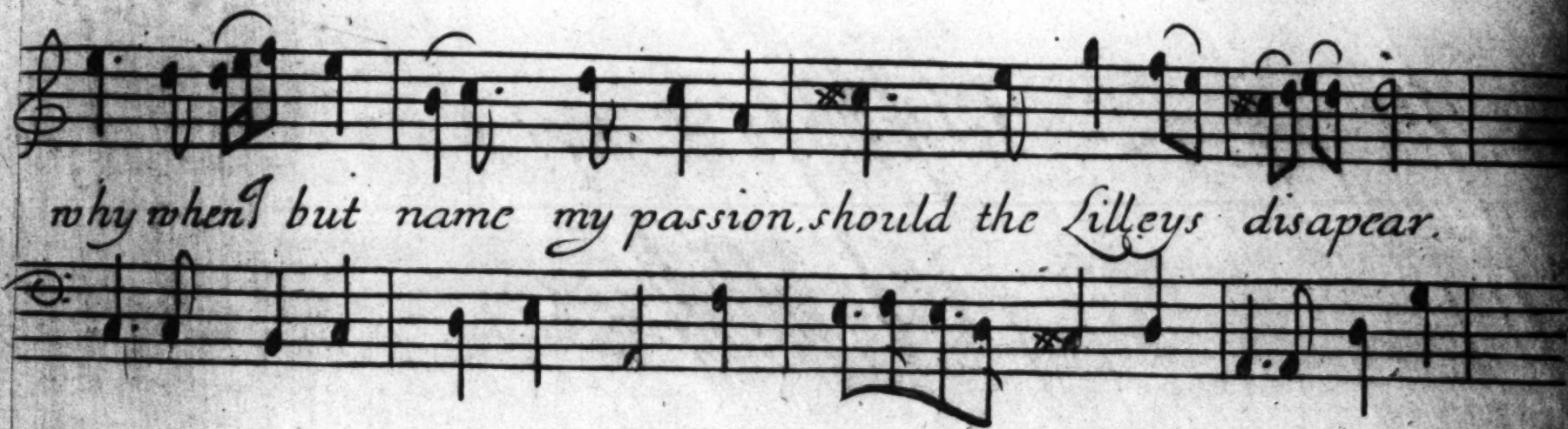




Tell tell me why thy face discloses, flaming Blushes whē I say, thoust



young as Aprill, fresh as may, and sweet as Iunes first buding Roses.



why when I but name my passion, should the Lilleys disapear.



why takes the Bloodrush quick posesion planting bright Cornations there

M. Sam. Akeroyde

{ Say why thy Cheeks are thus unfolding
These new charms whilst humbly I
With wonder, gaize & gaizing dye
Destroy'd by wishes & beholding
If budding Charms are so surprizing
What must full blooming beauty doe
Like Morning Sun in Cinnon rising
Painting the Heavens with a new